



No. 2.

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MASSACRE OF WYOMING.



Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth ;
No ! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains !
All perish'd—I alone am left on earth !
To whom nor relative nor blood remains
No,—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!—*Campbell.*

"WHEN the aggressions of the British ministry compelled their American colonies to take up arms in defence of their rights, captain Butler was among the first to tender his services to his country. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the Connecticut line. In this capacity he was with the army in the campaign of 1777, in New Jersey, and served until March, 1779, when he was appointed colonel of the second Connecticut regiment, to rank as such from the 13th of March, 1778.—Some time previous to this, colonel Butler had become interested in lands purchased of the Indians by the Susquehanna company, lying in the valley of Wyoming, and adjacent to the Susquehanna river. He had visited the valley, and was so much pleased with it, that he determined to remove into it. This flourishing settlement had been established by the people of Connecticut, and was claimed by them by virtue of their charter and their purchase from the Indians. It consisted of several large townships, beautifully situated on both sides of the river ; and that part of it which is included in the valley of Wyoming was, and still is, one of the most delightful spots in our country.—Its situation, soil, and scenery, cannot be surpassed. It had long been the favourite abode of the savages, and they viewed, with peculiar animosity, its occupancy by strangers. The war in which the colonists were engaged with the mother country, and the encouragement and protection held out by the British to the Indians, afforded the latter a good opportunity for gratifying their wicked designs, in the destruction of this remote settlement. This they, in conjunction with the British Tories, effectually accomplished in July, 1778.

This settlement, at an early period of our revolutionary struggle, had been drained of its effective force, by furnishing two companies, of ninety men each, to the continental army. Soon after the departure of these troops, the Indians began to assume a hostile attitude, and their conduct, together with other suspicious circumstances, led the inhabitants to suspect that some mischief was meditating against them, though they did not apprehend an immediate attack. For their better security, several stockade forts were built in the different townships, and a company of rangers was raised, under the command of captain Hewitt. This company was destined to remain in the valley for its defence, and to ascertain by its scouts the movements of the Indians, some of whom were located at their Indian towns, about fifty miles up the Susquehanna. In the spring of 1778, the settlers, fearing an attack, sent an express to the board of war, to represent the danger in which the settlement at Wyoming was of being destroyed by the Indians and Tories, and to request that the men who had gone from the valley, and joined the continental army, might be ordered to return, and assist in the defence of their homes. Their request was granted, and a company, commanded by captain Spalding, composed of what remained of the two companies before mentioned as having been enlisted at Wyoming, set out for the valley, and were within two days' march of it, on the day of the fatal battle. About the first of June, the same year, a scouting party from captain Hewitt's company discovered a number of canoes, with Indians, on the river at some distance above the settlement, and a few days after, a party of Indians attacked, and killed or made prisoners, nine or ten men, while at work on the bank of the

river, about ten miles above the fort. Many circumstances indicated the approach of a large body of the enemy. Such was the situation of the settlement when colonel Butler arrived. This was the latter part of June, and but a few days before the battle. On the first of July, the militia under the command of colonel Denison, with all others who were capable and willing to bear arms, assembled at the fort in Wilkesbarre, being the principal fort. They made an excursion against the enemy, killed two Indians, and found the bodies of the men who had been murdered by them. When they returned, each man was obliged to go to his own house and furnish himself with provisions, as there were none collected at the fort. In consequence of this dispersion, they were not able to assemble again until the 3d of July, when their whole strength amounted to about three hundred and fifty men.

It probably would have been greater, but many of the settlers chose rather to remain in the other forts for the purpose of defending their families and property, in which they naturally felt a greater interest than in the general welfare. Of the whole force, consisting of the militia, captain Hewitt's company of rangers, and a few volunteers, including several officers and soldiers of the regular army, who happened to be in the valley, colonel Butler was requested to take the command. The whole, as before stated, amounted to about three hundred and fifty men, indifferently furnished with arms and ammunition.

As the enemy had entered the valley at the upper end, and had advanced directly towards the fort, in which the settlers were assembled, the object of the savages was supposed to be to attack them in the fort. The enemy had taken fort Wintermote, and one other small fort, and burnt them, and were burning and laying waste the whole country in their progress. Colonel Butler held a consultation with the officers, and it was decided to be best to go out and intercept the progress of the enemy, if possible, and put an end to the scene of devastation which they witnessed. — Being perfectly acquainted with the country, they marched out some distance from the fort, and formed on the bank of a creek, in a very advantageous situation. Here they lay concealed, expecting that the enemy would advance to attack the fort, and knowing that if they did so they would pass the place where the Americans were in ambush. In this situation they remained near half the day, but no enemy appearing, a council was called, in which there was a difference of opinion as to the expediency of advancing and attacking the enemy, or of returning to the fort, there to defend themselves until the arrival of captain Spalding's company, which was daily expected. On the one hand, the hope of succour, and their uncertainty as to the strength of the enemy, were urged as reasons for returning; and on the other, the destruction of the whole country, which would inevitably follow such a step, together with the insufficiency of the fort, and the want of provisions to enable them to stand a siege, were powerful reasons in favour of risking an immediate battle. Captain Lazarus Stewart, a brave man, famous in the country for his exploits among the Indians, and whose opinion had much weight, urged an immediate attack; declaring that if they did not march forward that day and attack the enemy, he would withdraw

with his whole company. This left them no alternative and they advanced accordingly.

They had not gone above a mile, before the advance guard fired upon some Indians who were in the act of plundering and burning a house. These fled to their camp, and gave the alarm that the Americans were approaching. Fort Wintermote was at this time the head quarters of the enemy. Their whole force, consisting of Indians, British, and Tories, was, as near as could afterwards be ascertained, about one thousand men, and was commanded by Col. John Butler, an officer of the British army, and an Indian chief called Brandt. They were apparently unapprized of the movements of the Americans, until the return to the main body of those Indians who had been fired on. They immediately extended themselves in a line from the fort, across a plain covered with pine trees and under-brush. When formed, the right of the enemy rested on a swamp, and their left on Fort Wintermote. The Americans marched to the attack, also in a line, colonel Zebulon Butler leading on the right wing, opposed by colonel John Butler, at the head of the British troops, painted to resemble Indians; colonel Denison was on the left, and opposed by Brandt and the Indians. In this position the parties engaged, and each supported its ground for some time with much firmness. At length the Americans on the right hand had the advantage of the fight, having forced the enemy's left wing to retire some distance. But on the left the battle soon wore a different aspect. The Indians, having penetrated the swamp, were discovered attempting to get into their rear. Colonel Denison immediately gave orders for the left to fall back and meet them as they came out of the swamp. This order was misunderstood, and some of the men or officers cried out "the colonel orders a retreat." The left immediately gave way, and before they could be undeceived as to the object of the order, the line broke, and the Indians rushed on with hideous yells. Colonel Zebulon Butler, who had continued on horseback throughout the day, finding that the right wing was doing well, rode towards the left. When he got a little more than half way down the line, he discovered that his men were retreating, and that he was between the two fires, and near the advancing line of the enemy. The right had no notice of the retreat, until the firing on the left had ceased, and the yelling of the savages indicated their success. This wing no longer able to maintain its ground, was forced to retreat, and the route soon became general. The officers were principally killed in their ineffectual attempts to rally the men. The defeat was total, and the loss in killed was variously estimated at from two to three hundred of the settlers. Of captain Hewitt's company but fifteen escaped. The loss of the enemy was also considerable. Colonels Butler and Denison, although much exposed to the enemy's fire escaped. Colonel Butler collected four or five men together in their flight, directed them to retain their arms, and when any of the Indians, who were scattered over the plain, hunting for their victims, approached the little party, they fired upon them, and by this means they secured their retreat to Forty fort. Many of the settlers, at the commencement of their flight, had thrown away their arms, that they might be better able to escape. But this was of

no avail, for the Indians overtook and killed them with their tomahawks. The few that escaped, assembled at Forty fort; but the inhabitants were so much disheartened by their defeat, that they were ready to submit upon any terms that might be offered. The enemy refused to treat with colonel Butler, or to give quarter to any continental officer or soldier. Indeed, it had been determined, that if they were taken, to deliver them into the hands of the Indians. Colonel Butler then left the valley, and proceeded to a place on the Lehigh, called Gnadenhutten. On the 4th of July, colonel Denison and colonel John Butler entered into articles of capitulation for the surrender of the settlement. By these articles it was stipulated, among other things, that "the lives of the inhabitants should be preserved," and that they should "occupy their farms peaceably;" that "the continental stores should be given up," and that "the private property of the inhabitants should be preserved entire and unhurt." The enemy then marched into the fort; but the conditions of the capitulation were entirely disregarded on their part. The Indians plundered the inhabitants indiscriminately, and stripped them even of such of their wearing apparel as they chose to take. Complaint was made to colonel John Butler, who turned his back upon them, saying he could not control the Indians, and walked out of the fort. The people, finding that they were

left to the mercy of the Tories and savages, fled from the valley, and made the best of their way, about fifty miles, through the wilderness, to the nearest settlement of their friends, leaving their property a prey to the enemy. All the houses on the north-west side of the Susquehanna were plundered and burnt. They afterwards plundered and burnt the town of Wilkesbarre. Having accomplished their hellish purpose of destruction and desolation, the main body of the enemy returned to Niagara, taking with them all the horses, cattle, and other property which they did not think proper to destroy, leaving behind them nothing but one vast, melancholy scene of universal desolation.

It may be proper to notice the generally received opinion, that colonel Zebulon Butler and colonel John Butler were cousins. This is a mistake. Both the parties denied having any knowledge of any relationship subsisting between them.

As numerous and very incorrect accounts of the "Massacre of Wyoming," (as the foregoing battle has generally, and with great truth, been called,) have been published and incorporated in the histories of the times, the compiler is induced to state, that the foregoing sketch was politely furnished by a descendant of colonel Butler, residing in the valley, and may be relied on as a correct and faithful narrative of the transaction of that fatal and disastrous day.

HAILING A SHIP.

A sea-faring friend of ours tells the following story. Some years since I was lying in the port of Bordeaux, and when on shore used frequently to dine at the English Coffee House. Here I met many British officers and some few Americans. Among the latter was the captain of a Yankee schooner, who annoyed us excessively by his puritanical manner of relating his grievances—the ground of which was as follows: In coming to Bordeaux, he had lost his reckoning and had spoken a British vessel for the purpose of ascertaining it. Instead, however, of receiving a satisfactory answer, from some cause or other, probably from the strange language used in hailing, he received only some gruff reply, amounting to a refusal, which gave mortal offence to the Yankee captain, and which he frequently declared was a breach of the laws of nations, and that he should report it to the president as soon as he returned. We never sat down to table without having the whole affair particularized. It was mortifying to me thus to be exposed to ridicule by a countryman, and I remonstrated with him upon the subject, but to no effect.

One day at the table, just as he was commencing the old story, I desired him to desist for a few moments and suffer me to relate mine. The attention of the whole company was drawn towards me and I proceeded as follows, using the names of the Yankee captain and mate, and adopt-

ing his language as nearly as I was able. "Now in the days of Tobias, who was chief owner of a schooner, which went down into the mighty deep, commanded by one Jonathan, whose surname was Crain, having a mate named John, which, by interpretation, meaneth a 'thing.' And John having charge of the third watch of the night, discovered a strange sail. And he descended while Jonathan was sleeping, and said unto him, a stranger approacheth. And Jonathan answered and said, 'arise thou and go upon deck, and take a horn in thy hand, and when the stranger draweth nigh, say unto him, stranger, whence comest thou?' And John arose and went upon deck, and took a horn in his hand, and when the vessel drew nigh he said unto him, stranger, whence comest thou? and the stranger answered and said, 'Go to——!' And John said unto him, peace be with thee, thou blasphemer! And when the morning came, Jonathan arose and went upon deck, and said unto John, what said the stranger? He said unto me, go to——! And what saidst thou? I said unto him, peace be with the, thou blasphemer. Thou saidst well, John, thou spakest as a man.

The effect of this story was irresistible, and we were never afterwards bored with the long winded, canting complaints of the captain of the Yankee schooner.

N. Y. Const. of 1831.

Written for the U. S. Military Magazine.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY,

At Malta.

BY J. E. DOW, ESQ.

It was morning, at Calypso's Isle, and a heavy fog hung over the yellow bastions of the strong hold of the once invincible knights of Saint John. Etna's distant peak was occasionally seen flashing like a diamond in the clear heavens above, and the faint whisper of a coming levanter lingered upon the silent sea. As the hour of sunrise approached, the slight tap of a drum was heard from the port, and when the orb of day, like a red shield, peeped over the eastern waves, twenty six heavy cannon spoke the feelings cherished by freemen for the memory of the Father of his country. The fog now slowly lifted and past off in misty volumes towards Tunis; while the Constitution hung with Flags and streamers, flashed into sight, beautiful in her battle array. The shores of Malta were now thronged by thousands; and the Turk, the Arab, the Jew, and the Maltese, looked on in silent wonder. "What is it for?" now rung from an hundred voices from the Forts; but no answer was returned, until the American Almanac had been ransacked by a hundred busy bodies.

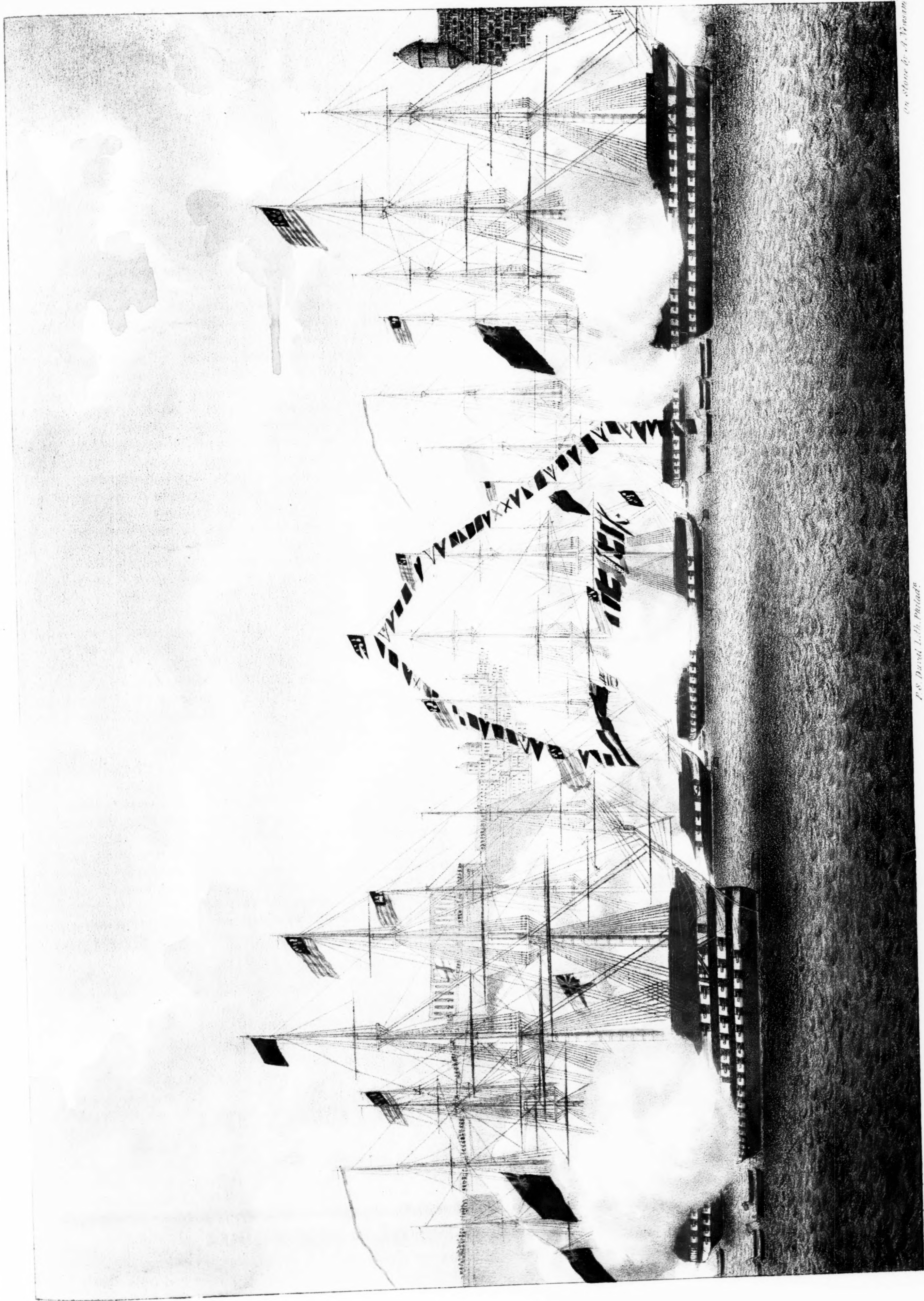
The American consul's Flag now floated gaily in the distance, and the cry, "it is the anniversary of the birth of Washington!" passed from lip to lip, and a hum of approbation ran along that mighty multitude. At this moment, the Admiral ran up the Flag of the West at his royal mast head and fired a signal gun. Instantaneously, as if by magic, every ship in the harbor followed their leader's example; and then upwards of an hundred cannon echoed along the shores of the castellated Isle, and died away upon the sea. This was as noble as it was unexpected, and called forth the unanimous approbation of the American seamen. What a glorious hour for Freedom! when the ships of the King who once oppressed them, and from whose power they had been snatched by the hand of Washington, saluted the star gemmed banner, and thundered in honor of the birth of America's chosen leader.

The children of Tyrants looked on with astonishment, and whispered of the glories of freedom! The fettered slave rejoiced in his manacles, at the soul inspiring sound, and hope whispered to his burthened spirit that he might yet be free. At nine, A. M., the boats were manned, and hundreds of liberty men left old Ironsides for the shore.—Every man had received from the Purser five shiners, and now richer in feeling than Cræsus, the jolly tars mingled in with the crowds of black eyed damsels, and were soon out of sight. A sailor is a strange being—he eats, drinks,

walks, rides, and sleeps, differently from any one else. He spends his money like a prince, and six times out of seven gets as drunk as a lord.

When the hour of twelve arrived, the same salute was fired from the shipping, and at evening. After all the vessels in the harbor had sent down their royal yards, the Constitution ran up the standard of Great Britain, and fired a royal salute. A complimentary message was then sent to the British Admiral by the American Commodore, and the honors of the day were over; not so with the liberty men on shore. They had hired all the jackasses they could find; and some with their faces to the stern and some side-ways scoured through the rocky streets like a set of mischievous children just let loose from school. One sailor, caught an old lady who was riding quietly along upon a donkey with two large breakers of milk at each bridle rein; and seating her quietly in a gutter, mounted her beast and galloped off like the wind, while the agitated milk covered him from clue to earing and left in his path a milky way indeed.—After bothering the old crone sufficiently, for his own satisfaction, he rode back to her, mounted her upon her donkey as before, slipped a dollar into her hand, and quietly dodged into a posada; while the guard that had collected to punish him went soberly about their own business, well pleased that jack had taken himself off in season, to avoid a bob wigged judge and the calaboose.

The American Navy stands deservedly high in every quarter of the world. With many little faults, but with many more sterling good qualities: its officers mingle with the sea-dogs of the old world, and bear away the palm from their neighbors. The English officers during the Constitution's stay, treated the Americans with marked attention, and no one who was ignorant of the history of the two nations could have conceived that these officers were once the deadliest enemies, and that their hands had been deeply dyed in each other's blood. Truly, it was a glorious hour, and it seemed as though the morning of the millenium had dawned upon the earth, and that the Lion and the Eagle were lying down peacefully together. At ten, P. M., the liberty men were off to their vessel; and save the song of a happy inebriate from the dread precincts of the brig, and the laugh of a jolly reefer, as he cut the schoolmaster's hammock lashings and spilled him in a most undignified manner upon the cockpit floor, all was silent on board the Constitution.



J. Evans pinx.

*Van Guard. | Princess Charlotte, | Portland, Rear Admiral |
S. Thos. Pilons. | Alms. Sir Rob. Stoddard. | Sir Thos. Briggs*

U.S. Military Magazine,

P.S. David Lith. Philad^a

U. S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION,

*Barron, | Redner, |
Capt. | Capt. |*

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Adm. R. B. 22, 1856

on Stone by J. W. Wain

A RELIC OF THE LATE WAR.



THE above representation will afford the reader some idea of the "iron hail storms" which raged in "the times that tried men's souls." It is a *Fac Simile* of the Flag of the 25th Regt. U. S. Infantry, which was carried at the Battle of Bridgewater, July 25, 1814, by Ensign Henry F. Evans,

now captain of a corps in one of the New-England states. The battle lasted eight hours, and was fought with great bravery by our soldiers; the Regt. being commanded by Maj. now Gen. Jessup. The ball which shatter'd the staff also wounded the brave arm which bore it aloft.

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

THE TORN FLAG.

BY ANDREW M'MAKIN, ESQ.

Relic of the deadly fray,
Type of many a bloody day,
Cannons' roar and trumpets bray;—

Hurrah!

Gaily wert thou borne on high,
Pride of every soldier's eye,
Firm resolv'd to win or die;—

Hurrah! Hurrah

Glittering steel and snowy crest
Close about thy staff were prest,
Lit with passing song and jest;—

Hurrah!

Now behold the foe appears,
Widows sighs and orphans tears,
Stifle not the ringing cheers,—

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Loud the din of battle broke
Shrouding thee in sulphur smoke,
Musket shot and sabre stroke;

Hurrah!

Thou too felt the iron hail,
Through thy spotless fabric quail
In its fleeting deadly trail;

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Where is many a noble form
Which braved with thee the battle storm?
A captive to the spoiler worm!

Alas!

And drooping on thy martial stem,
With broken web and shatter'd hem,
Thou'rt waiving in their requiem;

Alas! Alas!

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

BY M. F. DE GEORGE.

WHILST I was lately at Cherbourg, a town in Normandy, celebrated as having been in 1692, the scene of a naval combat, I found one topic engrossing universal attention, and furnishing matter for every discourse, namely, the condemnation of a young soldier, by a council of war, to death, for having lifted his hands against his corporal: and the courage the unfortunate man had displayed during his imprisonment.

As it is easy, in France, to obtain permission to visit a person under sentence of death, my curiosity prompted me to go and see the soldier, in whom the population of the town seemed to take so lively an interest, and having ascertained that he was confined in the fort of Querveville, I set off, and in a few minutes arrived at his cell. I found him to be a young man about twenty-five years of age, rather tall, with an open countenance and a firm step; I advanced towards him—he rose and received me *à la militaire*, that is, without the least ceremony; and addressing himself to me, said, “a man’s last moments are always curious and pregnant with matter for reflection; I therefore invite you to be present at my execution—you will see how a soldier can die.” Then parodying one of Potier’s most famous scenes, he exclaimed, “*What is death—death! it is the mere alleviation of a sensitive mind.*”

Hincq (so the young soldier called himself) then told me that he was born at Valenciennes, and that he had enlisted voluntarily into the army, and had been sent into the first company of fusiliers, stationed in the fort of Puerveville, and that on the 15th of July, while still labouring under the effects of the quantity of wine he had drunk the night before, in celebrating the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, he had struck his corporal, and having been tried by a council of war, had unanimously been declared guilty and condemned to die.

Scarcely had he finished repeating those celebrated lines of Cassimir Delavigne, “that fate formerly refused not to the French the happiness of dying in the hour of victory,” when the captain, appointed to draw up the report of the case, entered the prison, and exhorted him in the most urgent and friendly manner to appeal against the judgment the council had pronounced, but his entreaties were in vain; nothing could alter the determination of the prisoner. “I am aware,” said he, “of the gravity of my fault—I know the law punishes it with death, and I prefer undergoing my sentence rather than run the hazard of its being mitigated into imprisonment and chains, which would forever stamp my forehead with ignominy and tarnish the honor of my family.”

The captain then withdrew, and I went out with him, and as he walked from the fort of the town, he related to me a variety of actions, all equally honorable to Hincq.

“He must be saved,” said I, “he must be saved in spite of himself.”

“Our military code,” replied the captain, is so severe, I would almost say so barbarous, that I despair of being able to snatch him from impending death.” Then pressing my hand, he added—“Farewell; and since it was I, who, in the council, supported the accusation against him, so shall it be for me to obtain of the king’s commissary the power to appeal against the judgment.”

This step which was dictated by the most praiseworthy feelings, was intended chiefly to delay the fatal moment, and give the wretched man time to make application to the clemency of the king. The appeal against the judgment was made, and whilst the affair was under revision, I paid the courageous Hincq several visits, during which I recognized in him many excellent qualities, though coupled with a violent and impetuous character. I even in a measure became attached to him, and was buoying him with a hope of regaining his liberty, when the decision of the council of appeal at Caen, ratified the original sentence, fixed the day of execution, and, in a moment, destroyed the glimmerings of hope my best wishes had kindled.

I was with Hincq when the fatal news was brought him; he heard it with an air of indifference, and sent for a clergyman, who administered to him the consolations of religion; and as the dreadful moment approached, his courage forsook him not, nor did he for a single instant, abandon that determination of mind and manner which had characterized his whole imprisonment.

At last the fatal day came; and the hour of execution was fixed for five in the afternoon. About three, he expressed a wish for some refreshments, and half a bottle of wine.

“You see,” said he, smiling, “I am resolved to take advantage of the short time I have to live.”

His modest repast finished, he began with the utmost composure to distribute among those comrades who had visited him, the various trifles he possessed, and the little money he had remaining, with the exception of about thirty sols in copper, which he kept, as he said, to give among the poor he might meet on his way to execution.

At half-past four he was informed that the moment was arrived to leave the prison; when, perceiving that he had his best shirt on, he could not help regretting not having thought of that before, as his intention was to have given it to one of his friends. As he passed the goaler’s house he stopped and said a few words of apology to the clergyman who attended him; then pulling his pipe from his pocket, he requested permission to light it at the goaler’s fire—having obtained it, without appearing in the least to wish to lengthen out his time, he bade farewell to his comrades, shook hands affectionately with me, and, escorted by a strong detachment of soldiers and *gend’armes*, begun his last—short march.



LIEUTENANT, U. S. NAVY.

Arrived at the fatal spot, where the whole garrison was already drawn out, but without their arms, Hincq emptied his pipe, and gave it to a person who was standing near him. During the reading of the sentence, which the faltering voice of the captain rendered hardly audible, Hincq interrupted him, saying, "Enough! enough!" Then, having requested that his eyes might not be covered, and as a last favour, that he himself might be permitted to give the word of command to the piquet of twelve men appointed to the execution; he addressed a few words to the officers who were near him, embraced his confessor, and bidding him to retire, advanced with a firm and resolute step, with-

out betraying the slightest symptom of trouble or hesitation, and placing himself at the appointed distance before the piquet; then, drawing himself up, with a voice that betokened not the least alteration, he went through the military exercises with as much courage as precision. At the word "fire," the fatal report was heard—an instantaneous horror seized on the numerous spectators, and Hincq ceased to exist. Reflect, ye to whom is intrusted the making of a nation's laws, on this act of real tragedy, and then go and proclaim the justice and efficacy of condemning your fellow creature to death.

NAVAL UNIFORM.

WE give the following NAVAL GENERAL ORDER as a reference for our future Plates.

FULL DRESS.—*Captains.*

COAT of dark blue cloth lined with white, double breasted, with long lapels; the width to be in proportion to the size of the coat, and cut with a swell, to be buttoned back with nine buttons on each lapel, and an equal number of blind button holes worked in twist, as long as the width of the lapels will allow.—Standing collar to be lined with white, and embroidered in gold round the upper edge and sides with a rope, and with leaves of live oak, interspersed with acorns, *as per pattern*. The cuffs to have four buttons, and open underneath with two small buttons and holes of twist, and embroidered as the collar, with a rope on the upper part above the button, and with the live oak leaf and acorn, *as per pattern*. The pocket flaps to be embroidered in gold, the same as the collar and cuffs, the lower part and sides to have a rope, and the flap to be embroidered in gold with the live oak leaf and *acorn*, *as per pattern*, and the lower edge to be cut as may be prevailing in fashion, with four buttons underneath, one button on each hip, two near the middle of the folds, and one at the bottom of each skirt: the pockets to be in the folds. Two gold epaulets, one on each shoulder.

Vest—White single breasted, with as many small Navy buttons as are worn on the breast of the coat—standing collar coming to the edge of the breast, and sloping in a line with it—breast straight, with pocket flaps, under each of which four small buttons.

Breeches—White, with small Navy buttons, and gold or gilt knee buckles, white silk stockings, shoes and gold or gilt buckles, or plain white pantaloons over short boots, or with shoes and buckles.

UNDRESS.—*Captains.*

Coat of dark blue cloth, lined with the same, rolling collar, and made according to the prevailing fashion of citizens for the time, with nine buttons on each breast, four

under the pocket flaps, and round the cuffs, and in the folds, &c. as for full dress.

Vests—Plain white or blue, single breasted, with the same number of Navy buttons on the breast and pocket flaps, as for full dress.

Pantaloons—Plain blue; or in warm weather white. To be worn over half boots, or, with shoes and stockings.

FULL DRESS.—*Masters Commandant.*

Coats to be made in all respects like the Captains, with the following exceptions, viz: No embroidery on the pocket flaps, and three buttons to be substituted instead of four, under the pocket flaps and on the cuffs. But one button also in lieu of two, in the middle of the skirt fold.

UNDRESS.—*Masters Commandant.*

The same as Captains, with the exception of the buttons, which will be, as designated for full dress.

FULL DRESS.—*Lieutenants.*

In all respects like Masters Commandant, with the exception of the embroidery on the cuffs of the coat. One epaulet, and that to be worn on the right shoulder.

UNDRESS.—*Lieutenants.*

Same as Masters Commandant, with the exception of one epaulet in lieu of two.

FULL DRESS.—*Passed Midshipmen.*

Coat to be the same as Master Commandant, with the exception of the embroidery, which is to be the live oak leaf, with acorns, and a foul with a five point embroidered star, to be arranged as *per pattern*.

UNDRESS.—*Passed Midshipmen.*

Coat of blue cloth, lined with the same, standing collar, with the same number of buttons on the breast, pockets, flaps, cuffs, and folds, as for full dress, together with the anchor and star (without the embroidery) formed of white cloth inserted in the collar on each side, as has been directed for full dress.

FULL DRESS.—Midshipmen.

Coat of blue cloth, lined with white, standing collar, and single breasted. Nine buttons on the right breast, and short button holes on the left. Embroidery same as passed Midshipmen's, with the exception of the star. Buttons on cuffs, pocket flaps, and folds, same as passed Midshipmen.

UNDRESS.—Midshipmen.

Round Jacket—cloth, blue, and lining of the same: standing collar, with the anchor inserted in white cloth: breast single; buttons arranged as on full dress coats, but to be small instead of large.

FULL DRESS.—Masters.

Coat of blue cloth, with one button on each side of the collar, with a button hole of gold lace, to be three-quarters of an inch wide, and three inches long; and buttons round the cuffs, in other respects, the same as Master Commandants, with the exception of the embroidery and epaulets.

UNDRESS.—Masters.

Same as Lieutenants, with the exception of the epaulet.

FULL DRESS.—Surgeons.

Coat in all respects like Masters Commandant, with the exception of the epaulets and embroidery, the latter of which is to consist of the live oak leaf, on the upper and front edges of the collar, and around the cuffs. The club of Esculapius is also to be embroidered on the collar.—*The whole as per pattern.*

UNDRESS.—Surgeons.

Same as Lieutenant, with the exception that the collar and cuffs are to be of black velvet, and a strip of gold lace half an inch wide, around the upper part of the cuffs.

FULL DRESS.—Pursers.

Coat in all respects like surgeons, with the exception that a Cornucopia is to be substituted for the club of Esculapius: as per pattern.

UNDRESS.—Pursers.

Same in every respect as Lieutenants, with the exception of the epaulet.

FULL DRESS.—Assistant Surgeons.

Coat in all respects like surgeons, with the exception of the embroidery on the cuffs.

UNDRESS.—Assistant Surgeons.

Same as Surgeons, with the exception of the lace upon the cuffs.

FULL DRESS.—Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter and Sail-maker.

Coat of dark blue cloth, lined with the same, double breasted, lapels to be buttoned back with eight buttons, standing collar with one button on each side; slashed sleeve with three small Navy buttons, three large buttons

under the pocket flaps, one on each hip and bottom of skirt fold.

Pantaloon—White, to be worn over short boots.

Vests—To be plain white, with eight buttons on the breast.

UNDRESS.—Boatswain, Carpenter, Gunner and Sail-maker.

Coatee of dark blue cloth, lined with the same, rolling collar, double breasted, with buttons as on full dress except on collar.

Chaplains.

Plain black coat, vest and pantaloons, the pantaloons to be worn over boots or shoes, or black breeches, silk stockings with shoes, coat to have three black covered buttons under pocket flaps and on the cuffs.

Schoolmasters and Clerks.

Coat of plain blue cloth, single breasted, rolling collar, and made according to the prevailing fashion for the citizens at the time, with six Navy buttons on each breast, one on each hip, and one on the bottom of the skirts.

Epaulets.

All officers entitled to wear epaulets, are to wear gold lace straps on their shoulders $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, to distinguish their rank when without their epaulets.

Epaulets are not to be worn on shore in foreign ports with round hats, but with cocked hats or caps.

Captains are to wear two epaulets of gold, each with two rows of bullions, on each strap to be in silver an eagle couched upon an anchor as per pattern. Those captains who are entitled to wear a broad pendant (by order of the Secretary of the Navy) to wear a silver embroidered star, one inch in diameter, above the eagle, during the time they are in actual command. The senior officer of the Navy at all times entitled to wear the decoration on the epaulets of a commander of a squadron. Master's Commandant are to wear two of gold, same as Captains, with the exception of the ornament of the straps. Lieutenants—one of gold, and plain like Masters Commandants, to be worn on the right shoulder.

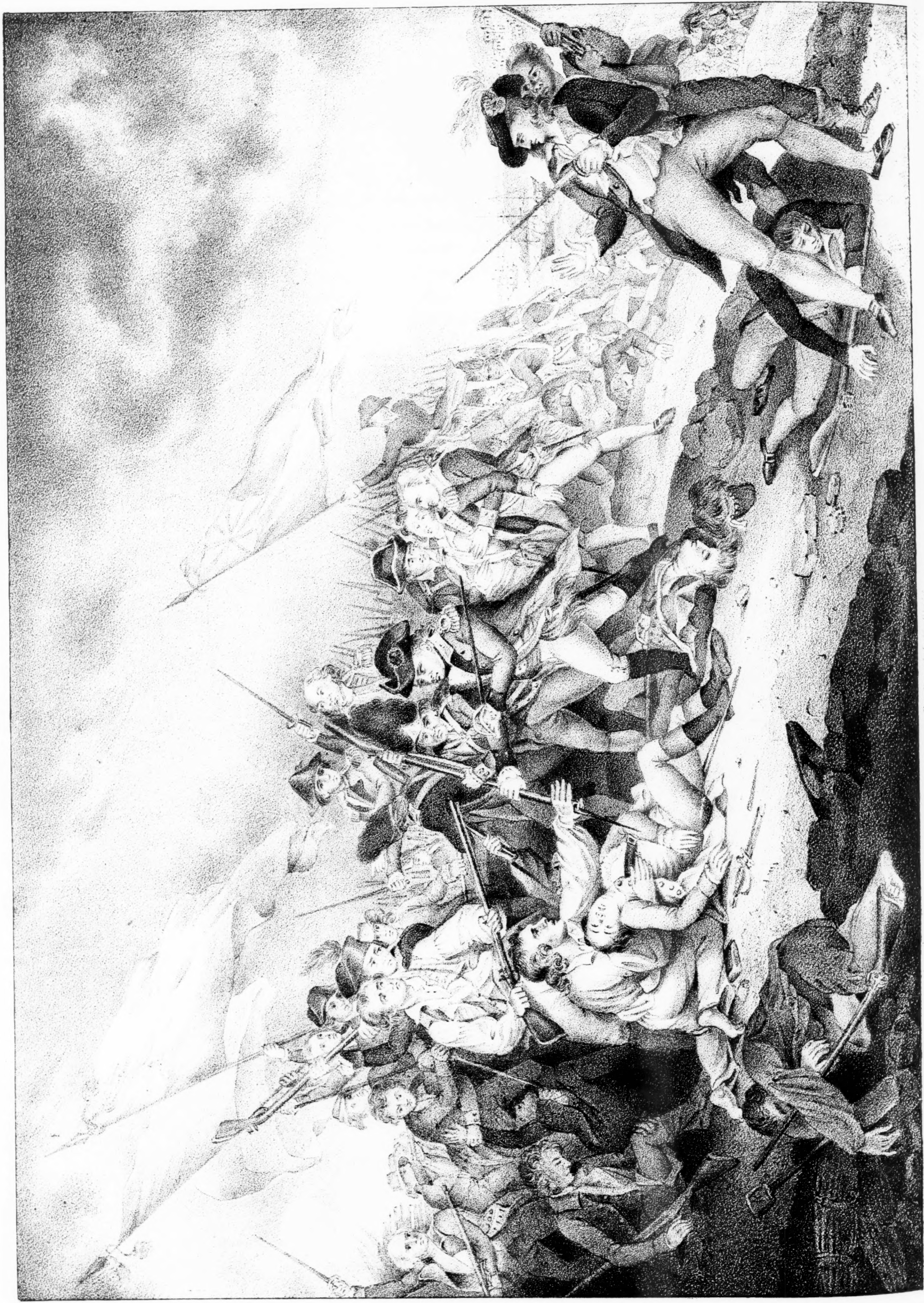
Buttons.

The buttons to be worn by all officers, are to be the present pattern for Captains, or what is called No: 1 when small buttons are not specified, the large ones are to be worn.

Cocked Hats.

All officers, excepting Chaplains, Schoolmasters, Clerks, Boatswains, Gunners, Carpenters and Sailmakers, are to wear, in full dress, cocked hats bound with black riband, to show one inch and a half on each side, with gold tassels formed with five gold and five blue bullions each, a black silk cockade, with a loop formed with gold lace, and a small Navy button. Captains and Masters Commandant only, to wear when in full dress, gold laced hats, with six bullion loops, the two inner ones to be twisted together.

Concluded in next No.



THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, 1704